Our Wills have changed over time

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/42456402.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Abigail Hobbs & Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Freddie Lounds, Chiyoh & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom, Abigail Hobbs, more characters im too lazy to add
Additional Tags:	Time Travel, Crack Treated Seriously, Angst, Fluff and Humor, Hurt/Comfort, Attempt at Humor, Past!Will is concerned about the future, Past!Hannibal is an absolute SIMP for Future!Will, Dark Will Graham, like very dark, Dark Will, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Established Relationship, for Will/Hannibal but thats only in the future, Future!Will is low key a badass, Past!Will constantly questioning his sanity, then again both Wills kinda question their sanities, How Do I Tag, Tags Are Hard, Tags May Change, Freddie Lounds writes a lot of shit as always, This Is Not Going To Go The Way You Think, I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping, time travel is my favorite thing to write, On Hiatus
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-17 Updated: 2022-12-08 Words: 11,776 Chapters: 3/?

Our Wills have changed over time

by BubbleHubble13

Summary

(Year: 2015)

The man stood by the counter, his back facing Hannibal as he used one of the sharpest blades to cut into a piece of meat. Hannibal took a moment to process the sight.
Will Graham was cooking a human. Inside of his kitchen. Which he had just broken into.

“...what,” Hannibal breathed out, the word accidentally tumbling down his mouth.

-
(Year: 2019)

“Will.” Dr. Lecter said, his tone slightly unsettled. “Forgive me but, you’re acting.. strangely. Are you quite sure you are feeling well?” Before Will could answer, the doctor hummed in discontent. “Go back to bed, and rest. I’ll return shortly with the soup. You do not need to help me tonight,” he turned around, and started to leave the room.

“No, seriously, I’m okay Dr. Lecter.”

The other man suddenly froze in his tracks.
“...Dr. Lecter?” he echoed slowly, emphasizing each syllable as if the words were foreign to his ears.

-

OR, in which season 1 Will Graham and 8 months post season 3 finale Will Graham switch places out of fucking nowhere.

New year, new me

Chapter Notes

This.. I don't even know, man.
I love time travel fics so much. So, SO much. And then I saw a writing prompt of the hero going into the villain's lair (enemies to lovers kinda way too) and I was like- yeah, no, I have to do this for Hannibal somehow.

And then this monstrosity appeared

Knowing me, this won't be the last time travel fic I make. I'm currently working on something with my sister, so like, that's gonna be something to look forward to lmfao

But for now, I shall have fun with this :)
Let's see where this story shall take us!

Drink water, and happy reading <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will was in the past.

He got to that conclusion around six and a half hours after he woke up in his old house in Wolf Trap. At first it all seemed like some weird, crazy realistic dream- but after a solid amount of checks on the calendar in his phone, his latest messages, and just overall *everything,* it didn't take long until it was pretty damn clear he wasn't asleep.

Good memory and intelligent brain or not, his dreams never got this realistic.
Or this long.

Will continued to lay on his bed, whose mattress felt like solid stone after he got used to the one million dollar quality beds he slept on in the future. His arms and legs were spread out, his chest facing the ceiling as his eyes stared emptily and unfocused. His dogs were all asleep, which made sense considering it was the middle of the night.

…oh god, his *dogs were asleep-*

Okay, it was official. He was in the past.
The past. Holy shit, the *past.*

How far down in the past, he wasn't fully sure. It was 2015, and it was winter. So probably around the time where he did cases for Jack. Now, which case? Had he met Hannibal yet? Had he met Abigail? Will swallowed down, breathing heavily as he let his mind get clouded by a million questions about his current timeline. It was better to ask questions he could actually get answers to. Better to wonder about the ' *now* ' rather than the *'how'* .

Fuck. What was going on? How did he get sent back? *Why*? He didn't know, and he would not let himself get lost thinking about it. Instead he shifted his thoughts back to the here and now.

Hm. What about Freddie Lounds, what things had she written about so far? Bullshit probably, knowing her.

…Freddie Lounds. Oh, Freddie Lounds!

Will let out a small gasp, and pretty much flew off his bed, taking wide steps towards his computer. Will turned it on swiftly, not wanting to waste a single second. Lounds was a bitch, but she was still a smart bitch nonetheless. She was intrusive, obnoxious, and extremely charming. Which made her an excellent journalist.

She knew how to get information while holding no shame to *how* she got it- and although that was once extremely irritating, right now it was really fucking useful.

She wrote about the cases. Almost all of them.
He could check his place in the timeline based on her posts, this was perfect.

Will's fingers were on lighting speed as he typed out *TattleCrime.com* inside of his search engine. That site was one he had grown to be very familiar with, considering the fact he checked it almost daily for any update on his and Hannibal's safety regarding location.

Sometimes she'd mention a place they were actually in, and when she did, they'd know when to leave.
It was honestly kind of funny how useful she became. Thank goodness they didn't kill her.

Anyhow- he hit *enter*, and anxiously waited as his computer loaded.

The screen illuminated his face once the latest post popped on. Ah.
His gut dropped slightly.

It was the.. mushroom case. They were in the mushroom case. With Stammet, the one who'd try to bury Abigail alive sometime soon.

…Abigail.
Abigail was still alive. And she was in the hospital.

Will stared at the screen, his eyes once more unfocused, and his mind numbed. Oh. Right. Abigail was alive. She was *alive.* Hannibal hadn't killed her yet. She was well. Traumatized, but well. He could still get to know her. He could still help her. He could still save her.

The air was knocked from his lungs- Will inhaled sharply, and leaned back on his chair. The world pulled his weight closer to the floor, but he kept steady. He needed his wits. This situation was ridiculous, but letting his mind shatter would do him no good.

Focus, Will. Focus! Abigail was in the hospital, and Eldon Stammets would try to bury her at one point. If everything in the timeline went accordingly, anyways.

Haha- yeah, no. No way in *hell* would Will let that happen. Before he hadn't pulled the trigger, as his mind still swirled with morals that didn't serve him, but he'd have no such reluctance now. That man didn't deserve the mercy of a jail cell. The world didn't deserve to have to hold his living body over its ground. The world would be better off with him serving as fertilizer.

Maybe he could even do some of the victims a favor, and get rid of Stammets already. He knew where to find him, after all. It'd be easy. Very easy. He and Hannibal could-

-oh, shit. *Hannibal*.

A brick might as well have fallen on his head. Will let out a groan, slumping deeper into his chair and massaging his face. Okay, okay. Think about this. This is a fucked up situation, but he can't let himself break apart. Not yet. He could have a breakdown over this once it's over. Whenever that would be.

Hannibal Lecter was still his psychiatrist in this part of the timeline. Or, well, he had just *not* become his psychiatrist anyways. He rubber stamped him on his psych evaluation, and now they only ever held normal 'conversations'. As friends. *Friends.* Not lovers, and definitely not enemies.

Their relationship was at its starting point. Or, well, sort of- once during a daily conversation in the future, Hannibal admitted to already having an interest in Will from the very start.

Sure, those interests were not romantic just yet, but the seed for that fruit had already been planted.
That meant that Will was mostly safe from Hannibal's direct wrath right now, but it also meant that if things went south, his future partner would have little to no hesitation in killing Will.

Damn. It will be weird seeing Hannibal as a 'friend' again. Weird to watch Hannibal's charming psychiatrist performance happening once more. Fuck, after everything he went through… well. If he even went through them in the first place-

No. Will immediately cut that train of thought, doing so with so much force that its track may as well have exploded. Nope, no way. He *did* go through it all. He definitely did. This wasn't a dream, and everything beforehand wasn't a dream either. It couldn't be.

Right?
His heart started to hammer inside his chest, anxiety finally starting to set in now that the shock of everything had started to pass.
He didn't dream about all of that, right? No, no. Of course he hadn't. It had been real. Real. He wasn't insane. He wasn't.

Will's hand slid down his face again, his chest heaved as he let out the heaviest sigh in his life.
His fingers then froze.

His face.

His forehead, to be more specific. There was something there. Will reached up once more, and rubbed on his skin.
The relief that washed over him almost made him forget how to breathe again.

A bump was there. The scar of where Hannibal had once attempted to saw his head out. Not exactly the most comforting memory, but it was proof that a *memory* had existed there at all. There was a scar, a *scar*- no sane person would be happy about this, and yet he was thrilled. He didn't dream about it all.

Oh thank god.

..

Wait.

This meant he was in his actual body, not his past one.

How the fuck did *that* work out? Did his entire self get sent to the past somehow? Not just his consciousness?
Uh. *What happened to past Will in that case-*

Okay. He needed a drink, and fast. Did he own any wine in 2015? No, he probably did not. Will forced his body off of his chair, arms and hands shaking unconsciously. He needed a

drink, and he needed to think. It was currently 2AM, so he had some time before he had to go to work.

Wait, did he have work today? He'll have to check his calendar. Then he'll either need to cancel his classes or call Alana. Oh god, *Alana*- this was so weird. On so many levels. How will he act? Will people notice how strange he is? He's going to need to find a way to hide his scar too. Jesus, Alana hasn't even met Margot yet. What if-

Stop. Stop overthinking. He took a deep breath, filling up his lungs with air, before exhaling slowly.

One thing at a time, Graham. One thing at a time.

First, he's going to get a drink. Second, ask Alana (Jesus this was so weird) to cover his classes. Thirdly, get an appointment with 'Dr. Lecter'- he won't be able to act naturally, not around him, might as well tell the other about the current situation.

He needed a place to think out loud as well, he's going to lose his mind otherwise. But then again, maybe he could just go to Hannibal's house unannounced. It'd be funny to see his reaction. Oh well, he'll decide later. Fourthly (was that even a word?), he's going to take a sick leave in the FBI investigations for as long as Jack will allow him to.

And lastly..

He needed to take care of Stammets.

-

Where the fuck was he?

Will blinked, staring up at the golden marble ceiling. The world spun slightly around him, wave upon wave of dizziness washing over him. His stomach turned. He felt sick.

“Ugh..” he groaned, his head swirling with a throbbing ache. The softness of a high-quality bed mattress cushioned his back, encouraging him to go back to sleep. He didn’t bother to try. In fact, considering he woke up in what might as well be a *castle* , he was probably already asleep either way.

Oh boy, this was one hell of a weird dream in that case. At least it wasn’t a nightmare.

A low voice suddenly spoke from the other side of the room, warm and soothing with the hint of an accent. It was a voice he was quite familiar with, one that reminded him of dusty books and the smell of parchment.

“Will, are you alright? You seem ill.”

Definitely a weird ass dream. A weird ass dream with what may have *Dr. Lecter* in it.
Of all people, of course he had to dream of his *psychiatrist*. Oh, how delightful.

Will forcefully pushed himself to a sitting position, and the silky covers shifted to his legs as he did so. God, he *did* feel ill. It was as if somebody had run him over with a truck. Will ran his hands over his face, another mild groan escaping his lips.

“Yeah, I’m fine.”

“No, you are not.” Dr. Lecter sighed, and shook his head. He was standing by what seemed to be the bedroom’s (although the place was larger than Will’s *house*) doorframe, a concerned frown on his face. Everything about this dream was so damn ridiculous, Will didn’t even question the fact that the doctor was currently wearing a *bathrobe,* with his hair wet and sleek as if he had just gotten out of a shower.

His psychiatrist took a few steps forward, tilting his head as he looked over Will. “I can make you Moroccan soup, if you’d like. If you have a sickness like the flu, it will be of utmost aid to you.”

Will looked away from the sight, his cheeks slightly red. “No, no. I’m alright.” Dr. Lecter didn’t look convinced. He actually looked.. amused? As if he thought Will said a funny joke, or something along those lines.

“I hope you’ll forgive me when I go prepare your favorite dish either way, dearest.” Dr. Lecter said, tightening his bathrobe and turning around to leave the room.

…
What did he just call Will-?

“Dearest..” Will muttered under his breath in disbelief. Dr. Lecter turned back around.

“Yes?”

Huh. What. *Oh*- he thought Will had called him over. He thought Will had used the pet name on him.
Okay, seriously, what the fuck was this dream?

Will flushed. “N-nothing, nevermind. Um. Yeah. Soup would be nice, sure.”
He looked around, at everywhere but Dr. Lecter, which proved to be both useful and utterly confusing.

He was in a godforsaken *mansion* got some reason, there was no doubt about it. The master bedroom was vast, so large it could fit the entirety of the first and second floor of Will’s small abode inside of it and there’d still be more room left. A fluffy carpet laid on the floor underneath the bed, and to the side was a large, warm, lit hearth that illuminated the majority of the room.

Dr. Lecter spoke up from the doorframe once more. “Will.” He said, his tone slightly unsettled. “Forgive me but, you’re acting.. strangely. Are you quite sure you are feeling well?” Before Will could answer, the doctor hummed in discontent. “Go back to bed, and rest. I’ll return shortly with the soup. You do not need to help me tonight,” he turned around, and started to leave the room.

He had no idea what he was supposed to be helping with, but he definitely was *not* going to lay in bed this entire time. This dream was pretty odd, but he never had one so realistic before. It was kind of fun!

“No, seriously, I’m okay Dr. Lecter.” Will let out a sigh, and rolled to the side of the bed. He decided not to think too deeply about what his brain was making him dream tonight. Dreams often don’t make sense, no need to over analyze such a ridiculous dream like this one too.

For some reason the other man suddenly froze in his tracks, his muscles tensing slightly.

“...Dr. Lecter?” he echoed slowly, emphasizing each syllable as if the words were foreign to his ears.

Will looked over to the over reluctantly. Something wasn’t right. “Um. Yes?”

And just like that, his dream finally shifted into nightmare territory. Will had expected it to happen, just not in the form of his psychiatrist’s posture. Dr. Lecter’s demeanor completely changed, his relaxed and comfortable feel snatched away in a second. He turned back around, his expression a frozen mask as his eyes pierced straight into Will’s soul.

“Will. Forgive me if this question is insulting, but now you have me quite worried, beloved.”

Dr. Lecter’s hand gripped the doorframe tightly, his expression just as firm. He tilted his head, eyes flashing dangerously. But the danger was not necessarily directed at him alone.

“...what year do you believe it is?”

-

Wednesdays were proving to become Hannibal's favorite day of the week.

Why? Well that was the most simplest of questions. Wednesdays were the days he got to have his conversations with Will.

Will Graham was fascinating. Truly, fascinating. The ways his mind worked and thought were exquisite, the specific gears that turned and clicked inside his brain entirely unique. Graham was like no other man or woman Hannibal ever had the honor to meet.

However today, sadly, was not a Wednesday. That lovely day had just recently passed, but it did not do so without leaving a gift beforehand.

The gift of information, and memory.

Hannibal's grip on the car's steering wheel was loose, and relaxed. Just as his mind was whenever he returned to one of his brand new rooms inside of his mind palace. It was just his office, except a witty profiler roamed inside its walls as well.

Will's ramble of the 'mushroom-farmer' had been *fruitful* , ironically enough. Another small peek into the workings of his brilliant mind. He managed to empathize with everybody so fluidly, even those who should not be empathized with in the first place. It was remarkable.

The killer was looking for connections apparently, connections with other human entities through… fungus. Despite the questionably dirty (as in, there was a lot of dirt) work behind it, Hannibal could admire an intelligent job well done for what it's worth.

Just as he could admire Will.

The man was a mystery, that was certain. A dark mystery at that, even if Will refused to accept it. Layers upon layers of secrets and functions Hannibal had yet to uncover and behold. That was fine, he could enjoy an amusing challenge. Especially one that was so majestically unpredictable.

He tried, of course. He tried multiple times to learn the pattern behind Will's actions. Whispering certain keywords that often got reactions from average people, encouraging certain actions with nothing but his own body language, small subliminal messages in each wondrous conversation he held with the man. Each, and every time, the other's reaction was not what Hannibal had expected.

It was thrilling, really. Never in the last few decades had he been so entertained.
So tempted.

It'd be easy to break Will's mind. Very easy. Especially with the sweet smell of encephalitis aiding him in his actions. Shatter the teacup. Watch it crack, and crack, until it finally exploded.

What a beautiful explosion would that be, indeed. What ruins would it leave behind? Who would be most damaged? Such questions require answers. Very, *very* tempting answers.

…but he will not do that. At the very least, not just yet. It'd be a shame to break something so rare so soon.
He's satisfied enough with what he has for now. Quite satisfied.

Hannibal stopped at a red light. He waited. Red.. yellow.. green. Onwards he goes.

Ah, Will Graham.

His name became one that was often echoed inside of his mind, and a familiar entity inside of his dreams. It was poison, truly. A sickness, and Hannibal was long infected by it. It was almost agonizing, the way Will managed to enter his daily thoughts with such ease and obliviousness. Almost.

There was a darkness underneath that inextinguishable flame inside of Will's eyes. A shadow pushed deep, deep down. Hannibal knew it was only a matter of time before the monster lurking inside of Will's skin broke out. All he needed was a push. A chance to breathe, to *thrive* .

Now, how on earth he'd manage to bring it out, he had to admit he was unsure. Garret Jacob Hobbs was a blessing, a miracle- but those always came of short and rare occurrences. But that was a trivial matter. Will was learning, and hopefully he would not need a life threatening event to finally bring himself to pull the trigger once more.

Hopefully.

Hannibal couldn't help but smile at his mind's choice of words. It had been a long time since he was *hopeful* , after all . Hope meant that underneath it all, uncertainty lied. Hope meant that whatever event he was hopeful for was out of his control. It had been a long, long time since such an emotion glazed through him.

It was exhilarating to say the least.

The drive back home passed rather quickly- thoughts of Will, his work, and simply time passed inside of the mind palace making the minutes blur together seamlessly. It was peaceful, by all means, and rather calming to return to his home in such a state of mind.

Hannibal parked his car, and swiftly made way to his front door.

Clicks softly tumbled around as he unlocked and locked the multiple doors that stood between him and his home, quiet *taps* drifting through the air as he walked over the polished wodden floor. The house was entirely silent, the only sounds being Hannibal's footsteps and his breathing.

…well. That, and the sound of a pan sizzling over a stove.

Hannibal froze in tracks, and a small jolt zapped through his chest. He was currently inside of his library-like office, the strong scent of old paper from the bookshelves doing very little to hide the even stronger smell of burning meat. But it was not the smell of any ordinary meat, no. The scent was quite familiar.

It was human flesh.

His muscles were locked into place, and Hannibal didn't dare to move as thoughts raced through his mind.

…Somebody had broken into his home, taken his meat, and were now *cooking* with it. And it was not just anybody, either. No, no. If it were a stranger, the world and his vision would have already turned blood red, and said burglar would have joined the menu along with their own cuisine.

But it was not a random being.
That atrocious aftershave made that very clear.

Hannibal swallowed, and silently made his way through his office. A million questions were already desperately crying out inside of his mind, but he paid no mind to them. After all, as soon as he enters that kitchen, multiple of them would most likely be answered.

Hopefully.
Ah, again with that rare word. No matter.

Two steps.. four steps.. ten.. eighteen..

…he entered the kitchen.

His breath was knocked out of his lungs, and Hannibal did not bother to try and hide his utter *shock* - eyes wide and shining as he stared at the sight before him. A sight he would never, ever, in any of his wildest dreams, *ever* have expected to see.

The man in the kitchen wore a fine blue shirt, their sleeves rolled up to his elbows, exposing his well-defined arms- along with a pair of beige pants, and dark derby shoes. His hair was an ocean of silky curls, waves upon waves perfectly and deliberately blended into one another. He stood by the counter, his back facing Hannibal as he used one of the sharpest blades to cut into a piece of meat.

Will Graham was cooking a *human*. Inside of his kitchen. Which he had just broken into.

"...what," Hannibal breathed out, the word accidentally tumbling down his mouth.

As soon as he spoke, and made his presence clear, Will stiffened. His hand halted mid-motion, the knife just recently having been slipped out of the excellently cut meat. A beat passed. Two. Then the man's posture relaxed, a small amused sigh escaping his lips.

"Ah. You're here already. Shame, I thought I would be able to finish this before you got here. Wanted to surprise you, you know? Bummer. Oh well, we can start chatting now at least. We have a lot to talk about, after all."

Will chuckled, letting go of the knife and meat. His hand reached over for a nearby crystal wine glass, which was placed right next to him. The man finally turned around, leaning over the aisle as he did so. Hannibal no longer knew what oxygen felt like.

Will's deep blue eyes darkened, and yet they had never been so alight. A confident smirk pulled at the side of his lips as danger flashed inside of his irises, and he gently swirled the wine inside of his cup.

"Hello, Dr. Lecter," he spoke slowly, his voice soft and yet firm. Will took a sip of his wine, before he placed it to the side once more, his eyes following his cup as he did so. He looked back up to Hannibal, both his hands resting by the counter. He shrugged, almost innocently, and grinned.

"I made us dinner."

Chapter End Notes

That last scene was the spark of everything in this story.
Super excited to show y'all!

It's gonna be super fun.
Thank you for giving this fic a shot and reading, appreciate it <3

Kudos and comments are any writer's lifeforce, and considering this is a brand new fic, I gotta know whether or not to continue it. Any form of support is super appreciated as well :)

Have a good day people!!!

Explanations, explanations..

Chapter Summary

The ex-profiler swallowed down his nausea, mild sweat sticking onto his neck. The wall's tilted. He was by the dining table now, one which was meticulously set up with flowers and food. Will's eyes widened slightly. Uh, when did he get here-?

Hannibal, pretty much reading his mind, sent him a kind smile. It felt mostly genuine, but there was a slight edge to it: the smile was real, but maybe not that kind after all. "Do not fret. You dissociated severely while cooking, and I took liberty to.. finish the recipe. It only took me an hour or two, and do not be concerned, I enjoyed it thoroughly."

Chapter Notes

For those of you who have never read my other works (which most likely the vast majority of you considering my other works are mostly for other fandoms)- this is a quick explanation to how I interact with comments!

Usually I just reply to whoever I feel the need to reply to. Usually only to answer a question, or just to say something if that comment got a particularly strong emotion out of me. Outside of that, I tend to just thank people in the author's notes!

Like shoutouts, in a way. If you are a person who has commented in a past chapter after other chapters were already published after it (I hope that made sense) you'll obviously not going to be part of the shoutout, since I can't update each chapter for every new commenter that replies to said chapter- BUT I will reply to you then to let you know I've seen it :)

ANYHOW, ONTO THE THANKS/SHOUTOUTS

Thank you to Bestbuds55, PULSENES, Wills_ache, Lemonkitty, Seaturtle68, TeenIdle22, SatanDyke, TheWritingVillainCliffhanger, ellaep, oraboros, Lamenous, Midnightsscream, Jay42Leatherbac666, Radiant_Allomancer, notokveranda, and dali_moca for your comments!!!!

I seriously did not expect this fic to get so much support, you guys are INSANE

Love you all to death. I hope you guys enjoy this next chapter as much as the last one <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(YEAR -- 2015)

Hannibal's dumbfounded face made not burying Stammets into his own little mushroom garden worth it.
So. Fucking. Worth it.

Will chuckled darkly, tilting his head to the side. One of his curls- which he had cleaned up in the ways he *knew* Hannibal adored- fell over his eye, casting a soft extra shadow over his face. He didn't bother trying to move it away, too busy looking at the man before him.

Hannibal looked absolutely astonished. His expression was mostly stilled, but his slightly wide eyes gave it all away. His partner was not the most expressive physically, but Will learned his cues after multiple years of analyzing the other.

The doctor was completely stunned, and he was struggling with the fact he felt like that in the first place.
How endearing.

Will didn't blame him for the reaction, in all honesty. Like, he pretty much just broke into his house, carried a dead body all the way to his home as he did so, and used his kitchen to cook it all without the other's permission or awareness. He'd be surprised if he lasted the entire conversation without the doctor trying to kill him at least once.

Speaking of murdering one another…

"Oh, before you try to go and grab some of your, uh, weapons and stuff-" Will started casually, suddenly straightening his posture slightly. He continued to lean on the counter, one hand holding up most of his weight. He looked over to his glass of wine once again, grabbing it elegantly before slowly bringing it up to his lips. Will took a sip, making a satisfied sound before simply holding the glass in his hands.

He gestured vaguely towards Hannibal's office. "-just know that I already grabbed most of the things in there and put them away. Not that you really *need* a weapon to kill me, but one can never be too careful, right? Don't worry, your fancy pencil sharpeners and everything are not damaged in any way, shape, or form. I know how fond you are of them."

Hannibal was speechless. Completely, entirely, and utterly speechless.
For the sake of staying mildly in character, Will held back a chuckle. Oh, love. He's so easy to mess with once you know which buttons to press.

And Will knew them all too well by now.

Hannibal swallowed, and adjusted his suit.
Somehow he looked graceful even when he was at the brink of losing his mind. He took in a quick breath.

"Will." Hannibal breathed out, his brain finally mostly-sorta processing everything he just heard and saw. "I must admit, I was not expecting this," he said, his voice trying to sound confident and controlled. For anybody else, his lie would have worked. Not for Will though. Hannibal was losing his shit, and it was a joy to watch. "To what do I owe this.. abrupt pleasure?"

Will smirked. God, this was just too good. What should he say? What *could* he say? Oh, he could mess with him so badly. He could play with this Hannibal's mind as much as he'd like, just as Hannibal did to him all those years ago. Or what Hannibal will do to him in a few weeks, in this case.

He could turn this man's world upside down. Get.. 'revenge' and conclude that twisted fantasy of his that he never truly had the courage to do before. A fantasy he hadn't visited in over

half a year.
Will could finally be the one to shatter the teacup. Finally the one who was always at the top of the food chain.

But… no.

This was Hannibal. Not really his Hannibal, but still Hannibal nonetheless. He knew him. He knew all of him. The beautiful parts just as much as the ugly ones. He had grown to know and hate this man so much, thrived to understand every little inch of the other's mind with such desperation- that once it all clicked together into place, it was impossible for him not to love as well.

He was pulled to him like matter to a black hole.

…Hm. Oh-
Will realized that the silence had stretched out just a tad too late, and by the time he was pulled back to earth, Hannibal was two large steps closer to him. Two larger steps closer to the knife behind him as well.

"Hey, don't even think about it darling." Will said, grabbing the knife from the counter at lighting speed, his movements fluid in the motion. Better safe than sorry, and all of that- it wasn't like he couldn't take care of himself if they were to fight, but it'd be better if he didn't have to kill the other at all in thie timeline.

Back in the future (god that was a sentence that just formed in his brain), Hannibal had insisted on them taking training classes together and stuff. At first it was a bit annoying, but he learned a surprisingly large amount from the other. He was a quick learner too.

Hannibal froze in his tracks once more. His expression completely blanked out, the old 'mask' Will was so familiar with slipping into his face in a second.
Uh oh, not good. If he regained that much control over his body again, then he probably finally finished processing all of this shit, and was not going to be taking any more of it.

"Will," he said, his voice low and grave. Hannibal's eyes flickered to his forehead, then down to his chin, then to his arms.. chest.. body. He definitely was noticing the changes (and scars) by now. He cleared his throat, and took another step forward. "I must demand a clarification."

Hannibal tilted his head, which in Will's experience, was never good. "Immediately, please."

Damn. No more games, huh?
Then again, Hannibal never played unless he knew all the rules. How else would he be able to break them, after all.

Will stared for a moment, then let out a small sigh, and finally pushed himself out of his slumped position by the counter. He grabbed the knife while turning his back on Hannibal once more, and continued to chop off part of Stammet's lungs skillfully (he may or may not have learned a recipe or two.. or five.. or ten..).

"Like I said, lots to talk about." Will spoke, mostly to buy himself some time. "But hey, how about we eat first? A full stomach always makes for an empty mind. Which is probably going to be useful if you want me to fill it up with explanations."

Hannibal didn't answer behind him, but Will could basically *feel* the other's eyes burn through his skull. A few long, stretched out seconds passed where neither of them uttered a word, the sound of a blade hitting a wooden board breaching through the silence. Then the doctor let out a relenting sigh.

"Very well. I can agree to those terms." Footsteps approached ever closer, until they stopped right behind him. Like, *right* right behind him. He could literally feel Hannibal's breath on his neck. Ah, some things never change- four years later and this man still didn't learn about personal space. "..may I be of assistance?"

Will nodded, and took a step to the side to make more space. "Sure, be my guest."

Amusement crinkled inside of Hannibal's eyes as he looked over at Will. "I believe you are technically my guest, Will."

"And I believe I more-literally-than-technically broke into your house, so.. not really a guest."

"Ah, yes, I've meaning to ask. How on earth did you manage to do so? The doors were locked, and I notice no shattered windows. I see no other explanation other than teleportation. Unless there are crumbled walls I am not aware of, of course."

The reality of the situation suddenly dawned upon him.
Here he was, talking to past Hannibal about how he fucking broke into his house. God, how did his life come to this? How? He'd blame the psychiatrist next to him, but he seriously doubted that Hannibal could fuck up *time,* even if he was the devil incarnate.

But anyways, the answer to that was actually pretty fucking simple. Will had the keys to Hannibal's house. Apparently he got sent back in time while wearing his current/future clothes, which thankfully, had the confusing as fuck keychain inside of his pocket that contained the keys to this house as well.

Around two months after they fell off a cliff and almost died, Hannibal and his poetic ass handed him said keychain as a gift to symbolize the 'doors of their future' being finally open. What a sentimental doofus.

Anyhow- did you know Hannibal kept a spare key for almost every single one of his houses with him almost at all times? Will most certainly didn't, not until he tried unlocking the door to Hannibal's current manor and actually succeeding. He did not actually expect for one of his ten or so keys to actually work. It was a delightful surprise.

"Uh." Will eventually spoke, remembering he had to actually answer. "Magic," he replied stupidly. Will cringed at himself, and focused on cooking. "I'll explain later. Can you pass me the basil?"

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, but thankfully dropped the subject. It was astounding how much patience the other was showing right now. He must be *very* intrigued considering how he hasn't tried to stab Will's guts out again even once. "May I ask what we are making?"

"Some dish whose name I'll definitely butcher while saying. If you pay attention, maybe you'll recognize the recipe while we do it." Will said, grinning as a small pang of affection went through his chest. "I mean, it's one of your favorites."

He only realized he said those words out loud when he looked back at Hannibal to see a very, very curious gaze penetrating him.

"My.. favorites, you say," said Hannibal softly, his voice resembling silk. "Hm." He smiled to himself. "We shall see. I do hope you are preparing your answers in your mind, Will, for once we have both dined to your exquisite cooking, I will not let you leave until you've given me everything I need."

Will ignored the dirty implications his brain made upon hearing that last part- he flushed, but continued on as if nothing happened.
He wouldn't indulge in his rare fantasies. Not only because Hannibal is completely asexual (and probably even demiromantic, but that was only a theory of his), and only ever made love to Will on rare and important occasions for the sake of the other's pleasure, but also because Will didn't know how to feel about fucking the past self of his partner.

It technically wasn't cheating. They're the same person.
And.. yet they weren't.

This was not his Hannibal, and it never really will be. Will won't feel guilty about his attraction to the past version of the doctor, and when it came to teasing and perhaps even flirting he won't bother to hold back- after all, that was only natural to feel. Hannibal would certainly do the same had he been placed in a similar situation. But anything more than that was.. unlikely to happen. Morally it wasn't technically wrong, but it still felt that way.

After all, he'll probably return to his timeline soon enough anyways.
Probably. Likely… hopefully.

Will froze, his grip on the knife suddenly rather loose.

He.. he would go back, right? He went to the past, surely there'd be a time where he'd return to the future.. right? His life wasn't dead there. It wasn't as good as gone. No, no. Definitely not. He'd go back. He would.

He had to.

The world blurred around him. Will didn't notice when Hannibal gently took the knife from him, and resumed the work of preparing the meat. He didn't really notice Hannibal's mildly worried/curious glances as the other man finished the recipe he did indeed recognize rather quickly. He didn't even notice how time passed by in a blur as he drifted away from the world and into his thoughts, either. He didn't care as he slipped out of reality and into his own.

His own 'mind palace', as Hannibal called it.

It no longer consisted of the stream in Wolf Trap, no. It was a river that existed nearby the mansion he and Hannibal currently resided in. A river which he and his loved one would go to often, almost every day.

A river which he might actually never see again.

…

Will didn’t notice the way Hannibal walked back and forth from the kitchen to the dining room, undoubtedly preparing the table. And he didn’t notice when the doctor gently guided him to the eating area, muttering words and phrases that never quite reached his ears.

.

..

…

"Are you present now, Will?"

The ex-profiler swallowed down his nausea, mild sweat sticking onto his neck. The wall’s tilted. He was by the dining table now, one which was meticulously set up with flowers and food. Will’s eyes widened slightly. Uh, when did he get here-?

Hannibal, pretty much reading his mind, sent him a kind smile. It felt mostly genuine, but there was a slight edge to it: the smile was real, but maybe not that kind after all. "Do not fret. You dissociated severely while cooking, and I took liberty to.. finish the recipe. It only took me an hour or two, and do not be concerned, I enjoyed it thoroughly."

Oh.
That.. made sense.

Will nodded. He didn’t care too much. His voice was detached when he spoke. "Okay."

Would he ever be back at home again?

Hannibal stared at him for a few more moments, eyeing him carefully. “Hm. It seems you have not fully returned to me just yet. That is fine. It has already improved significantly. I’m sure it is only a matter of time before you recover entirely.” He pushed back his sleeves, and with endless etiquette he started to eat his meal.

Will nodded again. “Got it.”

Would he ever see Hannibal again? His *Hannibal?*

Silence passed by. The eating utensils that momentarily clashed against the plate made very little noise, as Hannibal was always the most graceful damn being in this godforsaken planet.

Will didn’t touch his food.

It took a little while, but eventually Hanninal finished his dish. Fancy and over dramatic as always, the other man nipped one of the nearby linen napkins, tapping his already-clean lips a few times before folding it once more and setting it aside.

"Well, now that stomachs have been filled, and minds have been cleared, I do hope that you are willing to clarify a few questions of mine, yes?" Hannibal glanced his way, and his fingers gently grabbed a nearby glass of wine, just as Will had done so before.

"…right, sure." The world spun around him slightly. Will took a deep breath, and massaged his face. A headache started to throb at the back of his head. Ugh, so much for keeping up a confident persona. Maybe it was the wine, or maybe it was just everything about this situation, but.. yeah, he was definitely feeling the day’s pressure finally settle over him.

"Excellent. Let’s start with something simple. How did you enter my house?" Hannibal asked, taking another sip of his wine. His eyes didn’t go to the cup though, in fact they always kept gazing at Will, not daring to look in any other direction. "Also, it’d be a shame to waste such good food."

Will looked down at his plate.
Right. He cooked Stammets. Eh, he might as well eat.

"Uh. That question is actually really complicated," Will said. It really was. He’d have to explain all the time travel stuff first- which he also had absolutely no idea on what was going on either- then the future stuff, and more stuff... ugh. No.

"Try another one?" Will asked, and then he took a bite of the food. Oh, it certainly was delicious.. god it was less than 24 hours since he hadn’t tasted Hannibal’s cooking, and yet it felt like a lifetime.

Hannibal looked unsatisfied, but complied. "Very well." His eyes glazed over to Will’s forehead. "What happened to your head?"

"You." Will replied simply, and continued to eat, focused on his food- he didn’t miss the hint of utter perplexity on Hannibal’s face though. "No, I won’t elaborate." He really, really didn’t want to. "Next?"

Hannibal considered his words before asking his next question. *"...are you* Will Graham?"

"No, I’m his evil twin brother." Will chuckled to himself at his awful joke. Hannibal didn’t look amused. Will took a sip of his wine, smirking. His eyes glanced at Hannibal as he gave a small nod. "Yes, I am indeed Will Graham. For better or for worse.." he muttered that last part under his breath.

The doctor looked surprisingly relieved upon hearing that.
Heh, knowing him, Hannibal was probably afraid that Will *hadn't* just murdered and cooked a human.
..god his life was fucked.

But with relief also came even more confusion- but Will knew that it wouldn't last long. He could practically *see* the wires zipping inside of Hannibal's brain, his neurons sending each other message upon message as the large, thinking spider that was Lecter's mind slowly created its web of comprehension.

Hannibal's pupils suddenly dilated, and the man's posture stiffened.
Ah, finally. Will leaned back on his chair, and tilted his head. He sent the other one last wide grin, but didn't bother to try and hide the amount of apprehension he currently felt over his circumstance either. After all, Hannibal's genius mind had finally put it all together.

The last piece of the puzzle clicked itself inside of the other's brain.

"Ah."

Hannibal clicked his tongue, and swung one leg over the other. He also leaned back on his chair, mirroring Will's behavior. Just like they once did in the main library-office during their 'conversations' The doctor's expression softened slightly, but that was only because the tension of not understanding something had faded away. That dangerous, curious glint in his eyes didn't waver as he stared at Will, though.

"Well then. One last question for tonight then, Will. What year was it for you?"

Will tilted his head, a humorless chuckle escaping his chest as he did so. There we go, love. Such a smart, smart man. Will held his hands together casually, and glanced towards the side momentarily before answering.

"Hm.. around 2019 I believe, doctor."

The profiler looked back at the criminal, who was now wearing an unreadable expression.

"Yeah, we'll chat about it later. I do want to say one thing though- if you fuck Alana again, I will *not* hesitate to feed you to the pigs this time."

For the second time that evening, Hannibal was speechless.
It took a few moments, and multiple blinks of confusion until he finally found his voice again.

"...pardon?"

-(YEAR -- 2019)-

“I.. can't really believe this, sorry."

Will and Hannibal were sitting side by side to one another by the fireplace, both men resting on top of a red velvet couch.

Hannibal had to admit, he did not expect this to be the way his day went. When Will woke up this morning, it was as clear as the sky outside that something was off.

At first he could not quite place it. Small mannerisms here and there that were different, such as how his back slumped more than before, and how he seemed to not be aware of the space around him as he looked around his own bedroom- but those were things that Hannibal wrote off as effects of an odd dream, or a bad fever.

But then the small things became very large differences.

Will was a strong headed person, one of the most stubborn people he’s ever met in his entire life- so it came to no surprise when his beloved kept insisting that he felt fine when it was clear that something was wrong. However, his persistence also applied to his interests and day to day habits. Things such as routine, comfort foods, hobbies, etc. were all things that Will made personally sure rarely ever changed.

So perhaps the first bright, red flag was how Will shut down an offer towards one of his comfort dishes. The soup.

Then another red flag as Hannibal finally put together the small changes in mannerisms once they all added up and were impossible to ignore. Along of course, with the rather obvious details of scars and wounds miraculously vanishing from his body.

And then that final, bloody scarlet flag as Will called him Dr. Lecter.

Now, for an outsider, that would not be that big of a deal. After all, it was not rare for Will to call Hannibal such a thing before in the past. In fact, it was quite common. Though what most people do not know is that those two words that made up his title were *drenched* in resentment, more on Will’s side than for the other.

'Dr. Lecter' was what Will called Hannibal back in the past to distance himself. It was an unconscious action, one that created a barrier between personal and professional life. A high

title often removed humanity, and after everything the poor man had gone through, it was no surprise when calling Hannibal by his title rather than his first name became an automatic action rather than a 'polite' one.

Even after the events that occurred with the Dragon, it took Will a fair amount of time to grow out of that habit of his. But slowly, and surely, 'Hannibal' became the only name that escaped those perfect lips. Every now and then the infamous 'Dr. Lecter' escaped, usually in a challenging manner (like whenever they trained together) or when Will was upset with him for whatever reason, but those occasions were very rare.

And then *this* Will called him that in such a casual manner, one that did not hold the suffocating weight of past events. It was clear that this was not the same Will Hannibal had lived with for eight majestical months.

Not to mention that the sickening smell of encephalitis suddenly made a reappearance.
It didn't take long for everything to click inside of Hannibal's mind.

"That is understandable, but what I tell you is the truth." Hannibal nodded. "You injured your head and suffered a damage of sorts. Do not worry, I am sure past events will return to you slowly."

Will frowned, the flames of the hearth reflecting in his eyes as he emptily stared at the fireplace. He shook his head, confused. "N-no, no.. I feel fine. I am fine. I didn't- didn't forget stuff. And I'm pretty damn sure I'm not hallucinating this either."

"I understand this is all very confusing, dear. But you must calm down, you'll recover."

"Why do you keep calling me dear-?"

"Force of habit."

"What? That makes no sense."

"Very little will make sense while you are in this state, dear."

Will let out a groan, massaging his face. He hid his head in his hands, his voice muffled when he spoke. "God what is happening…"

The lie he had told what he decided to call 'Past-Will' was a simple one. Will had suffered an awful concussion/injury to the head during one of his cases, and had spent weeks in the hospital. Then he was discharged under supervision of 'Dr. Lecter', where he would spend some days inside of Hannibal's house.

All of the luxury and richness he saw were also hallucinations.

Will didn't believe that lie, and Hannibal did not expect him to. Quite frankly, he went out of his way to make it as confusing and unbelievable as possible- he needed a day or two to think about this, to figure out what exactly would be the best course of action, and this simple story would keep Will busy for a little while, but certainly not longer than needed.

Hannibal has two main options.

He could tell Will the truth. Bur considering what occurred last time.. that may not end well just yet.
Or, he could continue to lie, and formulate a better story as time goes on. Also considering what happened last time, it also did not go well.

Both options were bad ones. He needed to be careful with this.

Hannibal stood up, and dusted off his bathrobe. "Forgive me for my.. clothing choices, by the way. I am not used to having another person be with me in the same house. I promise you that this is the last time such an incident will occur." This would definitely not be the last time. Will's reaction was far too amusing.

"Y-yeah.. okay. It's fine. Yeah." Will just nodded, not bothering to look up as he continued to hide in his palms.

"I'll return shortly with dinner. Do yourself a favor and get some rest, yes? I will be back."

Will nodded again.
With that confirmation, Hannibal turned around and left the bedroom.

...big mistake.

Perhaps it was the eight months of staying with an entirely different version of his beloved that made him soft. No, no, not perhaps- it *definitely* was. There would be no other explanation for his mistake, after all. He had grown soft. Soft, and unguarded when it came to the one with pretty blue eyes, and luscious dark curls.

If he were still like before, if he hadn't been so unguarded… well.
For starters, he wouldn't have left his phone inside of the bedroom all by itself.

Hannibal wouldn't have left Will with the chance of contact to the outside world.
Especially the contact with a certain crew in the FBI, which the man was still very comfortable with.

Chapter End Notes

HEHEHEHEHEH NOW THINGS ARE FINALLY GONNA GET R E A L

These first two chapters were mostly me just setting everything up- and as interesting as it would be to JUST watch Past! Will & Hannibal interacting with Future!Will & Hannibal the entire fic, that's definitely not it for this story

Oh, don't worry, our murderous and insane lovebirds are most certainly going to interact with one another.
B u t our dearest timetravels also gotta interact with their timelines, you know?

Next chapter we'll be getting a lot more of Past!Will and Future!Hannibal stuff too, by the way.
They didn't get too much screentime just yet, because their "set up" was pretty simple.

Btw if Hannibal is kinda weird, Im sorry >>"
I struggle with writing Hannibal POV cause he's such a complex character, but I'm also just trying to have fun with it.

Anywaysss

Next chapter, as mentioned before, will get more stuff on the 2019 timeline-
BUT we shall also finally maybe have our dearest Wills (BOTH of them) interacting with the FBI crew hehehe

Lmfao imagine Past!Will just calling- oops! I'm almost giving spoilers here.

But yeah!

Thank you all for the support once again.

Kudos, comments, and just overall any positive support is insanely appreciated <3

Very Confusing Phone Calls and Mushrooms

Chapter Summary

> “They’re all diabetics,” he said confidently. Will gestured towards the corpses. “He’s inducing comas and burying them into the ground. He changes their medication. He’s a doctor, or pharmacist, or someone who works in medical services.”
>
> Beverly looked back at the body, mildly impressed. “He buries them, feeds them sugar to-”
>
> “-keep them alive long enough for the circulatory system to soak it up.” Will finished for her, this time failing to hold back his amusement.

Chapter Notes

> Holy shit y'all- hello I am alive sorry for the death
> School and writer's block hit me like a truck, but now I am hopefully back to my writing inspiration era :)
>
> Thank you all for your patience, it means a lot <3
>
> Anyhow, onto the shoutouts--
> Thank you onawingandaswear, EvilAdmin, Erinava, oraboros, dali_moca, Soobs90, Sanguineheroine, TheDevilOnioah, Redeye17, and mindel_ledmin for commenting!!
>
> Anyhowww
>
> Drink water, and happy reading! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(YEAR – 2019)

“Hello?”

Oh, *finally*.

It took him literally four times of non-stop calling for Alana to actually pick up. Will was in all honestly a little pissed. What took her so long? Not to mention he called with Lecter’s phone too. Weren’t the two of them best buddies from work, or something? Oh well, whatever. He needed to speak to her. As much as the doctor had been kind and everything, this entire situation was… just really weird.

There was something really, really wrong with all of this. He could tell. He wasn’t stupid.

“Hi, took you long enough.” Will sighed, and plopped himself on top of the bed. He knew he was being unfair to her, but honestly he didn’t care enough at the moment. The probably 1 million dollar mattress immediately embraced his shape perfectly. Goddamn this place was comfortable, hallucination or not. “Why did it take you four calls to answer?”

The line went quiet.
…too quiet for comfort. Will frowned.

“Uh. Hello?”

No answer.

“Um. Okay, sorry. You didn’t take *that* long. Wait, did the signal die out? How bad is Lecter’s wifi..” he checked his phone. No, no. The signal was just fine. Maybe it was bad on Dr. Bloom’s side?

“Will? Is it you? ” Alana’s voice finally returned to the line.

His blood went cold.

She didn’t sound surprised. Or at the very least, she didn’t sound the good kind of surprised. Her voice had a slight tremble to it, as if she had forced those words out. There was a chill to her tone, a sense of urgency that one wouldn’t really find outside of a life-threatening situation.

Will's frown deepened.
Why was she anxious? Scratch that, why the fuck was she *scared* ?

"...yes. It's me." Will replied slowly, now reluctant to speak. Despite the warmth from the nearby hearth, the temperature couldn't help but drop. Shivers ran up his spine. "Is everything-"

"What do you want."

Okay, Jesus that was a huge switch. A determined and hostile edge now sharpened her tongue, with the hostility of an animal sheltering its territory.

"What do I want?" Will echoed stupidly. "...Nothing, I want nothing- what?" Maybe he really did hit his head. Maybe he hit his head, and now he's in a coma, having this crazy as fuck dream where absolutely everything refused to make sense. Yeah, that was the most likely theory.

There were *clunk* noises buzzing out of the phone. Alana was walking somewhere, and she was doing so quickly and with desperation.
"Jack?" her muffled voice spoke up. *"Where's Jack? I need to talk to him… did I mute this-? Fuck, I didn't."* There was a slight *btzsss* sound as she brought the phone back to her ear. *"Will?"*

"Yup. Uh, still here." Will sat up on the bed. There was something terribly wrong with this. Alana didn't act like that for nothing. Why was she so.. panicky? The hell. "Okay, you're making me really confused. Please explain."

"I believe.. that's my line…" She sounded breathless. She been running, maybe. *"Where are you?"*

Finally, something he could answer! "Doctor Lecter's house. Except it uh, doesn't look like doctor Lecter's house."

"...is this a joke?" Alana's voice broke slightly. She seemed to be close to tears. *"I.. o-okay. Okay."*

"Whoa, Dr. Bloom, running laps in heels and a cane? Not smart, honestly… uh." Price's voice popped up. It was quiet. He was probably in the same room, but farther away. *"...um. Alana, are you okay-"*

"Where's Jack?"

"With Zeller. They're bringing in the next body. Why?"

"I need to see him. Now."

"He's kind of busy, uh, can you wait for later-"

"Will's on the phone."

Silence rang out on the line. Will could do literally nothing other than sit on the edge of the bed awkwardly, and wait for them to sort it out. Okay. Okay, so… okay. A few things were starting to *sort of* make sense to him. This was a crazy as hell dream. but at least it had an understandable plot. Maybe if he gets through with it he'll wake up? Who knew, he'll figure it out.

Apparently Dr. Lecter, who he was.. dating, most likely (one could only hear so many pet names before it stops being platonic), had kidnapped him. Alana, Jack, and everybody else on the team sounded like they hadn't heard from him for at least a few months considering how agitated their voices were. As if they didn't believe it. But there's more than that. Alana had been slightly hostile towards him. Maybe he did something bad before he went missing??

Okay he took it back. Nothing made sense. Nothing was going to make sense either. His theory was honestly quite stupid.
Yeah, he definitely hit his head somewhere. Dr. Lecter was right.

"I'm sorry, WHAT?!" Price's yell suddenly shot out of the phone, which made Will jump in surprise. *"Will? Will Graham? That Will. He's on the phone?"*

*"*Yes, I believe I am." Will chimed in helpfully.

Shuffling noises buzzed from the other side, other sounds buzzing in every now and then. It was a huge mess, until-
Silence.

…
Oh, they muted their microphone.
Will frowned. Well that was really fucking rude. *Bitch* . Didn't even answer any of his questions.
He was well aware how bratty his brain had become with all of these thought processes, but really, when one has a killing migraine and enough questions for seven lifetimes, it's very easy to be prone to aggression.

"..okay, you know what. *Fine.* Ignore me." Will said bitterly, making sure that the phone could catch his voice. "I don't know why you guys are acting so strange, but have it your way. I'm going to go have dinner, and I'll see you guys at work. *Bye.* "

Feeling marginally better about his slightly hurt pride, he punched the 'end call' button so strongly he was surprised the screen didn't crack.

God, what was going on today?
This must be the weirdest, longest, most realistic-looking dream he's ever had. Only realistic-*looking* though, as the storyline, like most dreams, made absolutely no sense.

No matter.
He'd call again later.

(YEAR – 2015)

Jack felt a little bit guilty over pulling Will back to work, but it was very much outweighed by the relief of having him back in the team. Hopefully his cold had gotten better by now. After all, it had been a few days since the man asked for a sick leave.

“Wow Graham, are you going on a date or something? Dressed to impress..” teased Zeller with a smirk. Jack would have usually told him to shut up and focus on his work, but.. he had to agree with the mildly surprising sentiment.

Will looked good today. Really good. It was as if he had changed into an entirely different person overnight.

His hair was brushed and clean, smooth waves that twirled around his scalp. He wore a sleek white shirt, its sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He had shaved recently as well, and wasn’t even wearing his glasses. He went from looking almost homeless to somebody Jack could see in a magazine in under 24 hours.

Jack still shot Zeller a look though, squinting his eyes ever so slightly. It worked, the man faltered underneath his gaze. “If you’re done admiring Will’s aesthetic, we have work to do. Fill him in on everything we got,” he glanced towards Graham, who was now right next to the bodies along with them. .

Zeller nodded, looking a little sheepish. He drew in a short breath, and muttered. “Right, right…”

“Okay, uh.” Price started, gesturing towards the bodies as he explained. He held a clipboard on his other hand, one with multiple different notes he had made. “We found that the bodies were soaked in a mixture of hardwoods, shredded paper, and pig poop. Pretty much perfect for growing mushrooms and fungi.”

“It wasn’t the mushrooms that killed them though. They all died of kidney failure.” Zeller chimed in, talking in a semi-clinical tone.

Katz grabbed something from behind her- multiple I.V. bags. “We also found dextrose in all of the catheters. He probably used some form of dialysis, or peristaltic to pump fluids after the circulatory systems broke down.”

“Force feeding them sugar water.” Graham said, his eyes not wavering from the bodies. Price opened his mouth to speak, but then Will cut him off. “You know what else loves sugar water? Mushrooms. They crave it. As much as a mushroom can crave anything.”

Zeller added unhelpfully, “alcoholics crave sugar.” He glanced at Price, his eyes flashing with mirth. “Don’t take that personally.”

Jack had to stop himself from rolling his eyes, and turns out he didn’t have to bring in too much effort. He caught Price’s expression for a moment, and his exasperation died out just a tad. Jimmy looked.. surprised. Not at Zeller though, but rather at Graham. His mouth was still half open as it was when he tried to speak (before Will cut in and spoke himself), and he was gaping a little. Jack stared in confusion for a moment or two.

Why was Price so.. shocked?
He turned to look at Graham, and his confusion only deepened. Will had a mostly blank expression, but for some reason, there was a small tug at the edge of his lips that simply screamed *amusement.* What? Oh, never mind. He didn’t have time to worry about it.

Zeller continued, not noticing anything at all, “feed sugar to fungus in your body, the fungus makes alcohol. It’s friends helping friends, really. Me and Price suspect that somebody is preying on recovering alcoholics and-”

“They’re not alcoholics,” said Will firmly as he interrupted, shaking his head. Jack turned to look at him, his attention earned. There we go, *this* is what they’ve been missing the past few days. At this point, Jack had already given up on trying to understand how his empathy disorder works. One doesn’t question miracles, not when they’ve been so helpful.
“Alcoholics are not the only ones with compromised endocrine systems. They all died of kidney failure. Diabetic ketoacidosis.”

Beverly blinked, mildly surprised. She turned to Zeller. “Did you know they were diabetics?”

“We don’t know they’re diabetics–”

Will sighed heavily, as if he were bored. Bored? Jack frowned internally- not because he was upset, it was just confusion. “They’re all diabetics,” he said confidently. Will gestured towards the corpses. “He’s inducing comas and burying them into the ground. He changes their medication. He’s a doctor, or pharmacist, or someone who works in medical services.”

Beverly looked back at the body, mildly impressed. “He buries them, feeds them sugar to-”

“-keep them alive long enough for the circulatory system to soak it up.” Will finished for her, this time failing to hold back his amusement. Jack also failed to hold back his confused frown this time. First boredom, then.. amusement? What was up with him today? Katz did a double-take as well, glancing back at Graham with an expression similar to how Price had looked a few moments ago.

Speaking of Price, he was having what could be best described as an ‘aha-moment’. “So he can feed the mushrooms!” he exclaimed, the puzzle pieces clicking in his brain.

“..Wait. We dug up his mushroom garden.” Zeller said gravely, sobering up almost everyone in the room. Everybody snapped out of their momentarily confused states, their focus shifting back to the matter in hand. Well, everyone except Will, whose expression didn’t change at all.

This was rubbing Jack in the wrong way. And no, he wasn’t talking about the case.

Will had his hands in his comfortable pockets, his shoulders relaxed.
“He’ll want to grow a new one,” he said, as if he were commenting about the weather.

Jack stared at him for a few moments too long. Will didn't meet his eyes, he never did.
He just stared.

He couldn't quite pinpoint why, or what, or how..
..but something had changed. Something in these last few days, had completely changed.

And he wasn't sure if it was a good or bad change just yet.

(YEAR – 2019)

The entirety of the FBI was in utter chaos, to say the least.
Quiet, panicked chaos, but chaos nonetheless.

Alana paced back and forth inside of Jack's office, her hands shaking involuntarily. The tremble was so bad, she had almost tipped over her cane twice already. God, she was a mess. But then again, so was everybody else.

"I don't know why you guys are acting so strange, but have it your way. I'm going to go have dinner, and I'll see you guys at work. Bye."

The recording replayed on her phone, which laid on top of Jack's desk. Crawford was hunched over as he sat, his hands intertwined with one another. His eyes were darkened, and his brows furrowed- an expression that seemed to be glued to his features these last few days. Shoulder deep into agonizing thoughts.

They had listened to the entire conversation on call over ten million times. At this point she had every word, every sentence, every syllable drilled into her memory. Alana could barely focus on the recording at this point, zoning out every time she tried to listen.

"...did Jimmy and Brian find anything?" Jack eventually spoke, his words dragged out and groggy. He was exhausted. This entire situation was draining everybody's energy, everybody's life force. Alana only got a drop of sleep because Margot quite literally spiked her drink to force her to rest. Oh, Margot.. how was she and Ethan doing? Were they safe? Did they lock their doors? Not like that would stop Hannibal if he wanted to kill them, but–

"Dr. Bloom?"

She stopped pacing. Ah, right. Crawford asked a question.

"..no. No, they didn't. Not yet. The call seems to be untraceable, but they're working on it." Alana said with a sigh, leaning on her cane for dear life. Her free hand slid down her face,

and she drew in a shivering breath. "...God. This is fucked." Her voice cracked, but she didn't shed a tear. She had already done enough of that.

Jack, ever the most sensible person, didn't say shit towards her vulnerability. Why would he? He's dealing with his own issues.

Alana let her hand drop. It didn't stop shaking though. Her entire body was stuck in a rush of overdosed adrenaline- so much of it coursing through her veins she could barely stand still. It was anxiety, she knew that. A constant state of fight-or-flight. She hadn't felt like this in months, and now it was all crashing back. All because Will called. Because Will was alive. Because Will survived the fall. Because Will is with *Hannibal Lecter.*

Her stomach lurched, and she swallowed down the bile that slimed up her throat.
No. She had already thrown up her forced breakfast today, no need to waste her lunch as well.

Crawford was silent for a few moments, simply sitting in that same hunched posture as he lost himself in thoughts once more. Then he moved one of his hands- only one, the other remained in its position- to click on Alana's phone for the hundredth time. He pressed play on the recording, and moved the timeline so that it skipped the first part of the conversation.

"Doctor Lecter's house. Except it uh, doesn't look like doctor Lecter's house."

It started to play out again, with Alana's voice cutting in every now and then. She didn't pay attention to it though, already knowing how the dialogue would go.

Everybody who was anybody towards the entirety of the Hannibal case had heard the recording. They all had already talked about it, multiple times. They knew the words that were exchanged, but they had yet to make anything out of them. After all, it had been over half a year. Although nobody ever *really* stopped searching for Hannibal, even though there were barely any sightings of him at all (Freddie Louns tried finding them, but they were always false alarms)- people had already proclaimed Graham as dead.

But he wasn't dead. And if he wasn't dead, neither was Hannibal.
It was something they all had already suspected, even when they all agreed to have a funeral for the profiler– or rather, ex-profiler. But now that it was *confirmed* , the nightmare that was Lecter no longer felt so far away. It was real now. Very, very real.

"Why did it take you four calls to answer?"

This was either a trap, a call for help, or.. something else entirely. She wasn't sure what the third option could be, but something in her gut told her that there was one.

"I don't know why you guys are acting so strange, but have it your way. I'm going to go have dinner, and I'll see you guys at work. Bye."

Alana wanted to scream.
But she already did enough of that too. Along with tears, and vomiting, and.. goodness, she's a mess.

“I’ll see you guys at work.”

Was that a threat? A warning? What did it mean..? Why did he say it? Was he here? Was Lecter here?

“I’ll see you guys at work.”

He didn’t sound nervous though. Nothing in his tone gave anything away at *all.* Alana knew him– well, had once known him. Both as a friend, and other relationship-related titles. She knew most of his cues. Not all of them, goodness no, far from it. But a considerable amount of them, yes. She knew how he sounded when he was anxious, or scared, etc.

Will was anxious now, but he didn’t seem to be scared. He seemed to be more frustrated and confused than anything else.

The recording of their call continued to play in the background.
Each word echoed in her head. Over, and over, and over again. Nothing made sense. This made no logical sense. Will disappeared for *months* and then he just.. called her? Where was he all this time? Why didn’t he reach out sooner? *Was he working with Hannibal now, or was he still trying to help them?*

That last question was the one that rang inside of everybody’s minds.
Was this a call for help, a trap, or something else?

Alana groaned in mild frustration.

God *damnit* Will. Of all times to be a terrifying mystery, this was likely the worst you’ve ever been.

.

..

…

..

.

It had been a few hours since that sad excuse of a conversation. Jack didn’t ask Alana about tracing the call again, and she didn’t bother to ask him to stop playing that damned recording. The last few days had been spent like this, actually. With her pacing and overthinking- or rather, when it comes to Lecter, not thinking enough- and with Crawford silently sitting on his desk as he drowned in the conversation that Alana had exchanged with Will.

Wake up early, and go to sleep late. Or simply don't sleep at all.
She spent more time at this fucking building than her own home. When was the last time she had seen Margot and Ethan? Yesterday? Or maybe even before that, even?

When was the last time she went home? Is she even going to go back any time soon?
No. She wouldn't.

Hannibal made a promise to her. He always kept his promises, and now he's confirmed to be alive to accomplish them. She couldn't afford putting her family in danger. She *couldn't* .

Alana let out a heavy sigh, letting her back lean against one of the black leathered couches that had been recently added to Jack's office. Both of them slept there more than in their own beds lately. The only ones who seemed to be getting any sleep at all were Price and Zeller, and that's because they took turns like pilots on a plane. When one was asleep, the other was tracing the call. Or trying to, at least.

Would they ever manage to get it? Likely not. This Lecter they were talking about, after all. She had managed to find him before once, but she was not stupid enough to think she'd manage to do so again. Hannibal, in sharp contrast to Crawford, actually learned from his mistakes. Every time they fail to get him he gets even more difficult to beat. The only time they actually caught him was when he turned himself in.

This was ridiculous.
They were just toys in Lecter's expensive toybox. Only rats in his experiment. Mere teacups in his luxurious banquet.

She blew it. This was her fault, wasn't it? She should have tried to get more information out of Will, instead of immediately notifying Jack. God, if only she could have a do-over. One more shot. One more call. She'd do better this time, she had to.

…
Oh. *Oh.*
God, why didn't she think of this before?

Alana's eyes snapped wide, and she jolted up from her couch. Jack, who was almost falling asleep on his desk, flinched in surprise as he glared over to her, so exhausted his eyes could barely focus on her.

"Alana, what are–"

"Get me Zeller and Price now."

"What..? Why."

She gripped her cane, her arms trembling slightly. Though this time it was more than just anxiety. It was determination.
Alana sped-walked as quickly as she could with her cane, heading to the door. Jack was looking at her with a perplexed expression.

She only spared him a single glance.

“I’m going to call Will.”

Chapter End Notes

Can you hear that? Yeah. It's Future!Will laughing his ass off as he finishes everybody's sentences for them. He's just having fun a this point
Meanwhile we also have Past!Will and Future!Alana screaming in confusion too.

Ahhh, music to my ears.

Anywayyssss, thanks you very much for reading! So sorry again for the long wait, I'll try to keep updates more constant but y'all know how life goes.

Kudos and comments are any fic's writers lunch :)

Thank you all for reading once more! <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!